

SUZY'S SUNDAY CAFÉCITO Y CHISME CLUB

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CAFÉCITO

ISSUE
2

CLUB

SUZY'S SUNDAY CAFÉCITO Y CHISME CLUB

welco me

¡Hola, mi gente!

Welcome back. Grab your *cafecito*, your tea, your Diet Coke, or whatever emotional support beverage got you through this past month.

As I write this, I am currently editing Book 2.

Now, when I say “editing,” what I actually mean is reading the same chapter seventeen times, changing one comma, deleting a sentence, putting the sentence back, convincing myself the entire book is terrible, and then immediately deciding it’s brilliant again.

It’s a very healthy process.

People often imagine writers sitting in cozy little cafés, typing away while inspiration floats gently down from heaven.

In reality, writing Book 2 has looked a lot more like me staring at my computer while Reggie sits three inches from my face judging every decision I’ve ever made.

I’m convinced he thinks he’s my editor.

I’ll delete a paragraph and he’ll sigh.

I’ll rewrite a scene and he’ll leave the room.

The reviews have been brutal.

One of the funny things about writing a series is that the characters start acting like real people.

I sat down a few weeks ago with a perfectly reasonable plan for a scene.

Suzy disagreed.

Kandy disagreed.

Mami definitely disagreed.

Three chapters later, everyone was doing whatever they wanted and I was just trying to keep up.

I created these people and somehow I’ve lost control of all of them.

Book 2 is currently scheduled for August, which sounds very close until I open the manuscript and find a sentence that says:

“Insert funny line here.”

Past Rosy continues to be wildly optimistic about Future Rosy’s abilities.

Before I go, I want to say thank you.

Whether you’ve bought the book, left a review, shared a post, recommended Suzy to a friend, or simply opened this newsletter while hiding from your responsibilities for five minutes, I appreciate you more than you know.

Now excuse me while I go argue with fictional people who live inside my head.

♥ Rosy xo

P.S. If anyone knows how to stop characters from ignoring the plot and doing whatever they want, please let me know. My management style appears to be failing.

LA COCINA

This month in La Cocina: *Abuela's Moros y Cristianos*
Also known as *congrí*, depending on which Cuban relative
you're arguing with.

Every Cuban family swears their version is the correct
version, and every Cuban family is convinced everyone
else's is wrong.

This month's recipe comes from my *abuela's* kitchen,
where measurements were considered a personal insult
and instructions usually consisted of "you'll know when it's
ready."

Simple, comforting, and guaranteed to start an argument
over whether it's really *moros y cristianos* or *congrí*.
Either way, serve it with a side of family drama and enjoy.

Moros Y Cristianos

Recipe

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups long-grain white rice
- 1 cup black beans
- 2 cups black bean broth (reserved from cooking the beans)
- 1 large white onion
- 4 large cloves garlic
- 1 green bell pepper
- 1 pinch ground oregano
- 1 large bay leaf
- 1/4 cup olive oil or lard
- 1 teaspoon salt

First things first: rinse your black beans and pick through them for any little rocks. Nobody wants an unexpected trip to the dentist.

Throw the beans into a pressure cooker with plenty of water and cook them for about 30–40 minutes. You're looking for tender beans, not bean soup. If they're exploding, congratulations, you've gone too far.

Once they're done, save the cooking liquid. This is liquid gold in Cuban cooking. Drain the beans and set them aside.

Now grab a large pot and add the onion, garlic, green pepper, oregano, and oil. Cook everything until your kitchen smells like a Cuban grandmother is about to start criticizing your life choices. When the onions are golden, add the rice and stir it around so every grain gets coated in the sofrito. Then add the black beans, bay leaf, reserved bean broth, and salt.

Cover the pot and cook until the rice is tender and the liquid is absorbed. If you're using a pressure cooker, about 10 minutes should do it. If you're using a regular pot, settle in. Maybe call your mother. You've got time.

Once the rice is cooked, fluff it gently with a fork so the grains separate. Nobody wants cement. Let it sit for a few minutes before serving.

Now, if you ask my family, this is perfect exactly as it is. If you ask other Cubans, they'll tell you to add pork, chicharrones, or whatever secret ingredient their *abuela* swore by. This is where family arguments begin. Serve hot and enjoy with people you love, preferably while someone loudly insists their version is better.

Buen provecho. ❤️

Makes

6 servings

03

LOST SCENES

from suzy García

One of the questions I'm asked most often is, "How much of Suzy Garcia is based on your own life?"

The truth is... more than you'd probably expect.

When I first started writing the book, I filled it with little moments from my own childhood and teenage years. Some made it into the final story. Others, although completely true (and, in my opinion, pretty funny), slowed the pace or took Suzy off on a tangent.

This was one of those scenes.

It really happened when I was sixteen and went to get my learner's permit. I originally gave the memory to twenty-six-year-old Suzy, but every time she stopped to tell this story, readers were suddenly transported ten years into the past. As much as I loved it, it interrupted the flow of the novel.

So... it had to go.

Which is a shame, because it's still one of my favorite stories.

I walked into the DMV expecting to leave with permission to drive. Instead, I walked out questioning everything I thought I knew about myself... while my mother somehow managed to turn the whole thing into a debate.

Looking back now, I understand exactly what the DMV employee meant. But sixteen-year-old Rosy? Not so much. So, for this month's Sunday Cafecito Club, I thought I'd share one of my favorite lost scenes from Suzy Garcia.

I hope it makes you laugh as much as it makes me laugh now.

Remedio for Going to the DMV:

Before entering, drink one strong cafecito. Take three deep breaths. Lower your expectations. Bring every document you own, including one you haven't seen since 1998.

If they tell you you're missing a form, don't argue. Simply whisper, "Que sea lo que Dios quiera," and get back in line.

Side effects may include eye twitching, excessive sighing, and questioning your entire identity.

The DMV was already testing my will to live before I even reached the counter.

I'd been there for two hours with *Mami*, who had spent the entire drive explaining how to pass the permit test despite the fact she'd failed hers twice in 1987.

I was sixteen years old and excited to get my learner's permit.

I was also in the middle of what I would later describe as my Confusing Cuban Years.

See, I'd always known I was different.

Not dramatically different.

Just different.

I grew up in a small suburb south of Boston where everybody seemed to know exactly who they were.

Meanwhile, I spent my childhood trying to explain why my lunch smelled better than everyone else's and why my family could turn a simple phone call into a three-hour event.

When I started kindergarten, I barely spoke English.

I knew some numbers, a few random words from Sesame Street, and absolutely none of the things that would be useful in an actual conversation.

The other kids sounded different.

Their parents sounded different.

Their grandmothers definitely sounded different.

Mine spent most of her time yelling things from the kitchen in Spanish and accusing people of opening the refrigerator too often.

But physically?

I looked like everybody else.

At least I thought I did.

Which is why I confidently checked the box marked WHITE on my DMV application.

The woman behind the counter looked at the form.

Then she looked at me.
Then she handed it back.
"You checked the wrong box."
I looked down.
"No, I didn't."
She sighed.
"You're Hispanic."
"Yes."
"So you're not white."
I blinked.
I looked down at my arms just to make sure nothing had changed while I'd been waiting in line.
"What do you mean I'm not white?"
The woman looked at me.
I looked at the woman.
Somewhere behind me, I could feel *Mami* becoming interested in the conversation.
Now, there are certain phrases guaranteed to summon a Cuban mother from across a room.
One of them is:
"What do you mean?"
Before I knew it, *Mami* was standing beside me.
"¿Qué pasó?"
"The lady says I'm not white."
Mami stared at the woman.
The woman stared at *Mami*.
Mami stared at me.
Then back at the woman.
"¿Cómo que no es blanca?"
EXACTLY.
Finally, somebody was making sense.
The DMV employee looked like she was reconsidering her career choices.
"You are Hispanic."
"Yes," I said.
"But I'm also white."
"No."
"Yes."
"No."

At this point we were having the least productive conversation in the history of government buildings.

For the next several minutes, my mother and I debated race, ethnicity, geography, Cuba, paperwork, and possibly the meaning of life.

The poor woman behind the counter had accidentally wandered into a Cuban family discussion.

There was no escape.

Finally she slid the form back toward me.

"Just check Hispanic."

I did.

Not because I agreed.

Mostly because I wanted to leave before retirement age.

I sat down in the waiting area feeling completely confused.

For sixteen years I had known exactly who I was.

Now I wasn't sure if I needed a learner's permit or a sociology textbook.

Mami patted my hand.

"Don't worry."

"About what?"

"This happens."

"What happens?"

"This."

I stared at her.

"Has this happened to you before?"

"Of course."

"What did you do?"

Without missing a beat, she opened her purse and handed me a *croqueta*.

According to Cuban mothers, a *croqueta* is the appropriate *remedio* for anxiety, heartbreak, disappointment, bad grades, family drama, and apparently discovering you're not the race you thought you were.

I ate it.

To be fair...

I did feel better.

MONT HLY REME DIO

For anyone who thought adulthood meant having all the

answers...

Brew one *cafecito*.

Pay one bill.

Ignore another.

Call your mother just to hear her tell you to put on a sweater even

though it's 95 degrees outside.

You'll never have it all figured out.

Neither did the adults you looked up to.

And somehow... they managed just fine. ❤️

BEFORE YOU GO

Suzy García: Remedies, Romance & *La Familia* is available now on Amazon. If you've already read it — thank you, from the bottom of my very Cuban heart. If you haven't yet, Suzy is waiting. She has opinions. She's ready to share them.

[I GET THE BOOK!](#)

If you enjoy these stories, I'd love to stay connected! Follow me on [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#), and [TikTok](#), where I share funny Cuban stories, sayings, behind-the-scenes glimpses into my writing life, and updates on Suzy's next adventure.

And if my stories make you smile, please consider sharing this newsletter or one of my social media pages with a friend. Word of mouth is how this little community grows, and I am so grateful for every recommendation, every share, every comment, and every one of you who takes the time to support my writing.

Con mucho cariño,

Rosy ♥

You're receiving this because you signed up for the Suzy Sunday Cafecito Club. If you ever decide you'd rather not receive future newsletters, simply reply to this email and let me know. But I'll miss you.